THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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REST IN FLIGHT.

The flying arrow, knowing its path is made,
Goes singing softly at the bow's behest,
Taking its destined journey unafraid—
In every moment of its flight at rest.

So speed, O soul, to your divine abode:
Go singing through the shadow and the light,
Go bravely on your high-appointed road,
At rest in every moment of your flight.

—Edwin Markham.

THE PACIFIC

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"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

The Herald and Presbyter an exchange which we read with much interest, but one with which we find ourselves in frequent disagreement because of its strict adherence to traditional views, is disturbed by our presentation of what it calls Tagore's "sugar-coated pantheism."

Several weeks ago, in an editorial on "The Socialism of War and the Individualism of Peace," we expressed the opinion that there is a unitive life toward which humanity is impelled, and quoted Tagore as saying:

"Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything but in giving himself up to what is greater than himself, to ideas which are larger than his individual life—the idea of his country, of humanity, of God. They make it easier for him to part with all that he has, not excepting his life. His existence is miserable and sordid till he finds some great idea which can truly claim his all, which can release him from all attachments to his belongings. Buddha and Jesus, and all our great prophets, represent such great ideas. They hold before us opportunities for surrendering our all. When they bring forth their divine alms bowl we feel we cannot help giving, and we find that in giving is our truest joy and liberation, for it is uniting ourselves to that extent with the infinite."

The Herald and Presbyter quotes this and says:

"Hinduism has no plea for unselfishness. Its ideal holy man is one who sits all day gazing at vacancy and contemplating the infinite, doing nothing for any one and living on alms. There are protests against avarice which sound unselfish, but avarice, in Hindu literature, is the desire for repeated incarnations, which is the opposite of the pantheistic ideal of personal extinction and absorption in the infinite.

"Tagore announces many beautiful principles and professes great admiration for the teachings of Jesus, but he denies the deity of Jesus and the entire Biblical system of belief. He and others of his family have been earnest in efforts to teach high principles without Christianity. They would fasten the fruits of Christianity on the brambles and thistles of heathenism. The plan cannot succeed. The fruits of the tree of life grow on the tree of life. The fruits of Hindu pantheism are Hindu heathenism, with its selfishness, caste, degradation of women and murder of children. Hinduism knows nothing of brotherhood or unselfish helpfulness.

"The influence of the Brahmo-Somaj, with its effort to teach the ethics of Christianity without Christianity, is a hindrance to the work of Christian missions, and it is unfortunate that papers in Christian lands should exploit the dreamy longings, personal annihilation and Nirvana of men like Tagore, as pleas for unselfish brotherhood. There is not a trace of Christian brotherhood in them. They are sugar-coated pantheism."

The Pacific has no plea to make for Hinduism, but for the spirit which has been operating in and through Rabindranath Tagore for many years to the uplift of the people of India we do have a plea to make.

Up to the age of thirty Tagore led a wayward and somewhat dissolute life. About that time he had an illumination very similar to those which have come to some of the mystic saints of Christendom all down through the centuries from the time of the Apostle Paul. He has told of it in these words:

"It was morning. I was watching the sunrise. A veil was suddenly drawn, and everything I saw became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music—one marvellous rhythm. The houses in the street, the children playing —all seemed part of one luminous whole, inexpressibly glorious. The vision went on for seven or eight days. Every one, even those who loved me, seemed to lose their outer barrier of personality, and I was full of gladness, full of love for every person and every tiniest thing."

One of his biographers has written of Tagore after this experience: "Now, filled to the brim with the love of God, and looking upon this universe as the visible expression of God's love, he touches nothing, he writes nothing that he does not saturate with the thought of divine love, of spiritual life, and of eternal beauty."

Writing concerning the spirituality of Tagore's songs, William Butler Yeats says: "In all his poems there is one single theme—the love of God. When I tried to find anything Western which might compare with the works of Tagore I thought of the 'Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas a' Kempis."

After that illumination came to Tagore in which he realized the oneness of all life he did not retire, as others before him had done, to a life of seclusion and meditation, but lived so as to combine the meditative and the practical and thus to become the great inspirer and helper of his people. Asked by his father to take charge of some family business in some Bengal villages, he lived for several years in a house-boat on the rivers and in close communion with nature. At the same time he came in touch with the peasant farmers and ministered to them in various ways. He studied medicine so as to help them in sickness, and day and night responded to their calls. His only son, who is a graduate of the agricultural department of the University of Illinois, and a son-in-law who is a graduate of the same school, have been led by him to enter on a work for rural improvement in Bengal—teaching the farmers modern methods of agriculture, and organizing rural banks and co-operative credit societies.

For several years Tagore himself has conducted a school for boys in a quiet place in Bengal where he strives for their development intellectually, morally and spiritually. It is said to be his wish that the boys should combine in life the spiritual tendencies of India with the spirit of social service characteristic of Western life. Near this school at Bolpur there are villages in which some of the native tribes live in crude, superstitious and pitiable, unsanitary conditions. Many of the boys, inspired by the life of Tagore, will deprive themselves from time to time of

their favorite games and go to those villages to minister to the needy. One of Tagore's countrymen writes: "The students have now started day and night schools for the Santal children. In case of sickness they nurse them as they would the members of their own family. The Bolpur boys are so unselfishly devoted to the cause that even on hot summer days they do not hesitate to work as a common coolie, without any remuneration, to build a cottage for a Santal in need."

In Gitanjali we get glimpses of the spirit which permeates and controls Tagore. In one of his songs he writes:

"That I want thee, only thee, let my heart repeat without end. All desires that distract me, day and night, are false and empty to the core.

"As the night keeps hidden in its gloom the petitions for light, even thus in the depths of my unconsciousness, rings out the cry—I want thee, only thee. As the storm still seeks its end in peace when it strikes against peace with all its might, even thus my rebellion strikes against thy love, and still the cry is—I want thee, only thee."

In another of his poems his prayer is: "Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service!" And again he writes: "Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely, dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thy eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down on the dusty soil. * * * Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."

In men like Rabindranath Tagore we believe there is to be found something which the Christian Church must take into account. We are of opinion that the time is not far distant when much that is by many declared now to be without the pale of Christianity will be found to center in Christ—the Word who was in the beginning with God. There is need today for many people in our churches to get away from dogma and fix their minds on the words of the Apostle Peter: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him." "By their fruits ye shall know them." If Tagore's life is not filled with the fruits of righteousness we know of none that is. Tagore's so-called pantheism does not trouble us any more than that of the Christian mystics. Tagore states that though we of the West have accepted as our teacher him who boldly proclaimed his oneness with the Father, and exhorted his followers to be as perfect as God is perfect—we have never been reconciled to this idea of unity with the infinite being. He says that any implication of man's becoming God is condemned among us as a piece of blasphemy.

But this, he declares, is certainly not the idea that Christ preached; nor perhaps the idea of the Christian mystics. And he declares that man must become Brahma—that is, God; that we must not shrink to avow this; that our existence is meaningless if we never can expect to realize the highest perfection that there is.

But we must not misconstrue him in this declaration. He asks in this connection: "But, can it be said that there is no difference between Brahma and our individual soul?" And his answer is: "Of course the difference is obvious. Call it illusion or ignorance, or whatever name you may give it—it is there. You can offer explanations, but you cannot explain it away. Even illusion is true as illusion. Brahma is Brahma; he is the infinite ideal of perfection. But we are not what we truly are; we are ever to become true, ever to become Brahma. There is the eternal play of love in the relation of this being and the becoming; and in the depth of this mystery is the source of all truth and beauty that sustains the endless march of creation."

If Tagore defies man, so also do the Christian mystics.

Eckhart says: "If I am to know God directly, I must become completely He; and He, I; so that this He and this I become and are one I."

Athanasius wrote of Christ: "He became man that we might become God."

And Augustine, referring to his preconverted period of life said: "I heard thy voice from on high crying unto me, I am the food of the full-grown; grow, and then shalt thou feed on me. Nor shalt thou change me into thy substance as thou changest the food of thy flesh, but thou shalt be changed into mine." And, following the patristic view, Eckhart wrote: "Our Lord says to every living soul, I became man for you. If you do not become God for me, you do me wrong."

But we are told by Evelyn Underhill, who has written one of the profoundest studies of Christian mysticism, that the great mystics are anxious above all things to establish and force on us the truth that by deification they intend no arrogant claim to identification with God; but as it were, a transfusion of their selves by his self. "Over and over again they assure us that personality is not lost but made more real."

And yet we find one of these Christian mystics saying:

"With thy sweet soul, this soul of mine
Hath mixed as water doth with wine,
Who can the wine and water part,
Or me and thee when we combine?
Thou art become my greater self;
Small bounds no more can me confine.
Thou hast my being taken on,
And shall not I now take on thine?
Me, thou forever, has affirmed,
That I may ever know thee mine.
Thy love hast pierced me through and through;
Its thrill with bone and nerve entwine."

COMMENT ON DR. HILLIS' BUSINESS VENTURES.

There is much comment in the Eastern papers on the unfortunate business ventures of the Rev. Dr. Hillis, and his recent statement as to his troubled conscience because of the fact that he had given so much time to an effort to accumulate money and to the neglect of his work as a pastor.

Readers of the Pacific may not have seen much of the public statement by Dr. Hillis; accordingly we quote:

"For several years I have been increasingly disturbed lest my little influence upon some students and young ministers was far from my ideal. I have feared lest I was blasing them toward the lecture platform, public life and prosperity, instead of toward obscure, gentle, tender, Christ-like service. To them I owe this statement:

"Often I have loved my books more than the poor; I have loved position and office and honor, and sometimes I have thought of my own interest when every drop of my

blood and every ounce of my strength and every thought of my mind belonged to our schools, to the sick, to the friendless, to the poor and to the boys and girls, with their eager and hungry minds."

Often I have taken honors when I should have chosen solitude and dwelt apart and listened to the voice of God and tried to be a true prophet of God to you.

"For several years I have had a growing conviction that a minister has no right to make money and does his best work without it.

"If, therefore, there is anywhere in this wide land a noble boy who has done me the honor to read my books or sermons, or to listen to my lectures, and who has come to cherish a secular idea of the Christian ministry, let me say to him that I deplore my own influence, that my deepest thought is that there are home missionaries and foreign missionaries and social settlers and neighborhood visitors whose shoe-latches I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

"At best the longest life is short—all too short for the noblest of tasks, that of the Christian ministry. Great is the influence of the law and medicine; wonderful the task of the jurist and the statesman; marvelous the power of the press; great also the opportunity of the merchant and the manufacturer who feed and clothe the people. But nothing can be higher than the call to shepherd Christ's poor and weak, and happy is the minister who has never secularized his sacred caling and who at the end of his life is able to say: 'Behold, these are the sheep that Thou gavest me, and not one of them is lost.' "

The Chicago Herald asks editorially, "Should a Preacher Make Money?" and remarks: "That is the question the Hillis case, which promises to remain in the public eye for quite a while, is presenting to many people. In his confession Dr. Hillis took the position that he should not—that efforts in that direction were at the cost of inspiration and ideals.

"However, the average fair-minded man is likely to take a less strict view of the matter. It goes without saying that a preacher should not speculate under any circumstances—that he should be unusually scrupulous as to the character of his investments. It is likewise to be taken for granted that the minister should not neglect his sacred calling and that his efforts in other directions conflict with that his duty is to abandon either the pulpit or the business.

"But, after all, the preacher is often a man with a family to support—a father with children in whose future he is interested and for whom he wants to provide as far as he can. In other words, he has the natural desires of the lay father. And it looks as if it would take a very censorious person indeed to blame a minister for doing what he could consistently with his calling to acquire a competence for his old age and to give his children a better start in life.

"For many preachers, particularly those in small towns and rural communities, the question unfortunately is not whether they shall make money but how they shall make a living. But there are no doubt others in a position to make an effort to better their financial condition, and it is hard to see why the effort is more immoral in their case than in that of a member of the congregation."

The Chicago Tribune has an editorial on "The Unresting American," in which it is said: "The financial troubles which have overtaken Newill Dwight Hillis are disheartening. It is not that we pity the pastor or that we see a strong man made useless by his weaknesses. For if he keeps his courage his energies may be turned to account. But his failure is clearly a parable illustrative not of the evils of speculation, nor yet of those brought by attempting to serve two masters, but of a failure in our democracy. Tragedies less spectacular but similar occur by the thousands every day.

"European critics long ago offered an explanation of cases like that of Dr. Hillis. They have asserted that of all enticements the one which seduces us is the dollar. Any handbook upon American customs will show what they think of us. We have no ideals not born of the pocketbook, and our culture is measured by the number of cylinders in our automobiles.

"Of course this is not true. We are rather proud of some of our ideals, notably those of humanitarian nature. But does not the case of Dr. Hillis support our critics? Here was a minister, honored, filling presumably a lucrative position. He saw what he thought were opportunities for the endowment of his family. His energies were diverted from his church; he became entangled in something he did not well understand. Why, asks the European, did he risk everything? The almighty dollar, of course.

"We do not believe this explanation. Greed is not one of our national failings. We keep furiously at work from early youth, always with an eye on the man with the job above us. Ambition of the most soaring kind is bred into us. Our novels are novels of accomplishment of dreams. Our heroes begin as messenger boys and die as bank presidents. Eminence in one profession, success in any honorable labor is not enough. There must be something more. We are goaded by ambition into fretful discontent with our jobs.

"When a friend jocularly asks a mother of three sons 'Which of them is going to be president?' does he not touch the sore spot?"

Our own thought is that Dr. Hillis, by giving so much time to the lecture field for many years and in recent years by the putting forth of much strenuous effort to realize on investments in timber lands, has greatly lessened his usefulness as a minister. He kept up his pulpit work of course fairly well, but much that a minister should do he has not been doing. No man can do several things well, and it is to be hoped that lessons of good will be derived from the confession that has been made by Dr. Hillis.

ENGLAND IN WAR TIME.

The noted London merchant, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, was in Chicago a few days ago and said to a Record-Herald reporter:

"There are no loafers in England—either of blooded ancestry, financial prestige or in an industrial sense."

"The social portion of the nation has placed its burden of the war upon its dressmakers. The English have been until recently a nation to patronize dressmakers and tailors.

"Everywhere extravagance has ceased. Sales of the more elaborate and costly textiles and articles of social use have nearly ceased. There is a great falling off in the demands made upon the seamstresses for new frocks because, first, there is a cessation of prosperous purchasing, and, secondly, because there is no social call for new clothing.

Social Activities Cease.

"The social activities of the people have stopped. There is no hunting, no shooting parties. Instead the social instinct has turned into two channels:

"The common interest in the war has democratized the people wonderfully. The so-called division by class is not apparent.

"Tea and garden parties of other days are now entertainments for soldiers, both those on home leave and the wounded.

"You can't describe what a beautiful thing is the national haste to care for, nurse, entertain and shower kindness upon the wounded soldier. People have a serious aspect when they come into the store or appear about the streets."

"Is that," he asked, "because of apprehension as to the outcome of the war?"

Every One Kept Busy.

"Oh, no, no, no, by no means," Mr. Selfridge went on. "It is because every one is busy, has something to do. There are no loafers in England. There is no unemployment. There is no idleness among the social classes. Only in the occasional slack seasons, as for the dressmakers or theatrical folk, is there idleness, and most of these people are turning their hands to other tasks.

"The texture of the human fabric of the streets is changed. Women predominate and khaki is everywhere.

"Five hundred of my men are at the front. Eight have been killed and some wounded. We send each of our men a personal letter filled with stored gossip every week. Don't you think that is a nice idea? Every one is doing it. It is the national spirit.

More Buying; Less Shopping.

"The busy gait of the street is seen in the store. While we are doing a greater business than ever, the shopping is more concise; there is less of what is termed facetiously 'shopping' and more 'buying.' People come in knowing what they want—the people of London.

"I have a few women van drivers. The work is a little hard, but they want to do it and are doing it. Our lift operators—elevator 'men,' you know—are girls. Much more efficient and faithful, too. And our carriage openers and attendants are girls. It's quite a pretty thing, too.

"Everywhere one sees soldiers. They are the 2,250,000 soldiers Earl Kitchener is holding for the crucial moment to strike Germany.

"Things you hear much of here," he went on, "are not so much talked of over there. The strikes situation was 'overpublished.' The conscription talk and all that is political and journalistic, I think.

"Enlistment has been good and has been helped by the ridiculous Zeppelin raids, which have aroused contempt for the 'battles of the air' once predicted. They have cheered the British nation immensely."

THE GERMAN CHURCH AND THE WAR.

The Rev. Dr. Levi M. Powers, pastor of the Universalist Church at Gloucester, Massachusetts, was in Germany for several months studying the effect of the war upon religion and the church. In a recent article in the Universalist Leader, he wrote:

"Undoubtedly at first people who had not been to church regularly for years went in large numbers. I am told that they still do so in small towns and in the country.

"Unfortunately, all my Sundays have been spent in the cities. I have attended services in perhaps a dozen churches, or at least looked in where services were being held. The attendance is certainly greater than for years before the war, but the churches are by no means crowded, unless at a special service, or when it is known some celebrated preacher is to preach. In fact, only a small minority of the people are attending church in Germany today, and a majority of these are those who are apparently seeking consolation for sorrow.

If you wish to know that there is a war in Germany, the church is, of all places, where you should go for evidence. There are some of us who had come to believe that worship of a suffering Christ was of the past, that a crucified Saviour was for a time when the ills of life were inevitable. We had come to believe that all the evils of life were conquerable, and that the need of the world today was the proclamation of a conquering and triumphant Christ. This war has given Christ, the consoler of men, a rebirth in the world.

"German ministers, like the German people, believe they are fighting to protect their homes and culture against half-civilized Russia, assisted by revengeful France and jealous England. In this belief they are patriotic, strengthening the sorrowing, and declaring that the war must continue until a lasting peace is assured. But I have yet to hear or read a sermon which does not warn against cherishing hate.

"I heard the famous court preacher, Dr. Dryander, preach a sermon which was as near a plea for internationalism as can be expected in a time like this. His idea was that whoever does the will of God is a brother. Next to Dr. Dryander, perhaps the most celebrated preacher in Berlin is Dr. Lahusen, pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity, made famous by Schleiermacher. In England or America Dr. Lahusen would be an archbishop. The burden of the awful tragedy, the difficulty of reconciling the religion of Christ to a world in arms, was heavy on his soul. There were many mourners in this congregation, and I saw there more evidences of emotion than I have seen elsewhere in Germany. In Munich I heard a sermon by a priest in St. Michael's. The Catholic clergy in Germany are, so far as my limited opportunities for hearing gave me a right to judge, very good preachers. The preacher in St. Michael's was somewhat more vigorous in his patriotism than the Protestant ministers I have heard. Perhaps the most astonishing fact connected with the war is the predominant national adherence of this most international of all churches.

"Have the churches been judged and found waiting? Many people believe so. There are limits to idealism. The Socialist party, the most powerful of all international organizations, was powerless against the war. Why hold the church or the Socialist party responsible for the war? The worst that can be said of either is that they were not able to stop it. Sympathetic as I have been with the German cause, I confess to have been little stirred by the sermons I have read or what I have heard in the churches. The sermons have been dignified and devout, with nothing of that fire-eating spirit which has characterized

some of the pulpit utterances in America. But there can be no great appeal in the belief of a God who cares for only a part of His children. Yet belief that God is on the side of justice, and that one's cause is just, gives strength, and there is a real nobility in that idea. This belief has inspired the preachers of Germany, and explains why one can still be patriotic and also religious. Patriotism is a crime only when it is for country, right or wrong.

"The finest exhibition of the religious and moral life of Germany which I have seen, however," writes Dr. Powers, "was not in any church, but at a celebration of the capture of Warsaw, in Munich. The Bavarians are said to be emotional. The fall of Warsaw was an important event in the war. How did the music-loving, beer-drinking people of Munich celebrate the capture of Warsaw? Seventy thousand of them were together in King's Place and sang 'Great God, we praise Thee,' and 'Germany above all'. Then they sang 'Watch on the Rhine,' and 'We wait in prayer before God the Just.' Then they all quietly went home, and not one person was drunk.

"Here was manifest the real soul of Germany—its unity, its dignified self-possession, its trust in God, as I had never seen it before. It was a religious service. It was impressive, quiet, uplifting, inspiring.

"Last evening, as I was coming down William street to my hotel, I found a crowd of perhaps five thousand people in front of the office of the Imperial Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg. What had happened before my arrival I do not know, but when I came on the scene they were singing 'A Mighty Fortress is our God.' The day before the Chancellor had made a great speech in the Reichstag. That day I had attended a session of the Reichstag and seen that body vote two billion dollars more to carry on the war. The Imperial Secretary, Dr. Helferich, explained frankly what he meant; the war was costing every month as much as the whole Franco-Prussian war. It was to show their approval of their new burden that the crowd gathered before the Chancellor's office. After singing Luther's spendid hymn, the Chacellor made an address of perhaps one hundred words, in which he referred to recent victories in Russia, and the new credit in the Reichstag, and expressed his belief that while the war was not at an end, the God who had so far helped would continue His aid, referring to the song they had sung. Then some one in the crowd called for a Hoch for army and people, Kaiser and country. Then, with uncovered heads, all sang the national hymn to the tune we know as 'America' (I uncovered too), all ending with a choral 'Now all thank God.'

"There must be something profoundly religious at bottom in a people who celebrate a great victory, or the assumption of an enormous burden, with a prayer-meeting, for these songs were prayers, and how they sang them! I should say that there is less loyalty and devotion to the individual church in Germany than with us, and that religion here manifests itself more in devotion to the community, to the State and the nation. May not this be a very real and noble form of religion? Certainly, if self-sacrifice is a part of religion, Germany is religious. Limitless are the offerings of service, of wealth, of life itself. The individual is as nothing, the nation everything. Men, women, young and old, uncomplainingly make their offering to the common cause. This, it seems to me, is what, above all things, makes Germany strong. There is spiritual unity and elevation and strength here not to be found elsewhere.

"If I felt that Germany's success was due merely to her big guns, her military training, her foresight in planning and preparing for war, I should hate Germany as badly as her worst enemy hates her. From mere force nothing good can come. It is my firm conviction that Germany is greater in peace than in war, that it is her greatness in peace that has given her such success in the war, and the foundation of her greatness, as in the foundation of every people that is really great, is spiritual power. Spiritual power is always based upon religion.

"Here, as in America, vast numbers of people have withdrawn from the church, not because they are not religious, but because they consider the church too formal and too little repsonsive to the needs of the laborers. In this respect I believe the freer churches of America are in a much better position to readjust themselves to the needs of the times than the churches in Germany."

The Editor of The Leader makes some comment on Dr. Power's letter, and objects to the calling of the celebration of the victory of Warsaw a prayer-meeting. Devotion to the state he does not regard as a high and enobling form of religion, saying in that connection:

"This war is bringing home to the consciousness and consciences of men that, while the commercial god and the government god may create a machine of appaling power, in which the cogs of the wheels are human souls, and with it devastate a world, while building material prosperity, yet will man return to his ideals and worship in truth the God who is a spirit. The tribal god and the divine right of kings are anachronisms today, yet because peoples still worship the tribal god, and bow to the so-called divine right, there is hate, there is war.

"But the war will pass, after its awful price is paid, and then, after the victory and the defeat, for there can not be one without the other, then must come, as Paul Sabatier has said, 'the spiritual victory, when will be rebuilded the temple of the ideals which are everlasting.'

"The way out of the war, and to lasting peace, leads through the church where we worship God, the Father, who is universal, and learn to serve in that brotherhood which transcends national and racial boundaries, and is universal.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL GOODWILL.

John Wright Buckham.

(An address before the Convention of the National Federation of Religious Liberals and the Free Religious Association of America, at Oakland, August 29, 1915.)

There is no mistaking the influx of the tide of Christian Unity. Already it has covered many a rank and noisome stretch of shore; and it promises to flood many a remote inlet, long bereft of contact with the great life-giving ocean of the Spirit of our common Christianity.

The causes of this influx are not far to seek. One is, manifestly, the advancing and broadening conception of religious life and truth. Everywhere it is coming to be seen that religion is not a realm apart, but one that lies at the very heart of life; that its laws are normal, not abnormal; that its principles are unitive, not divisive. Its truths are being recognized as so comprehensive and many-sided and inclusive that we cannot quarrel over them longer. Our estates of the spirit are now discovered to

be so vast that the problem is not how to divide them up, but how to take possession of them all. It is not that the shield is two-sided; for the shield is not a shield at all, but a mountain, a continent, a world. How great a thing is religion, how broad, how deep, how high! We are beginning to have done measuring it with yard-sticks and compasses. How ridiculous that any company of us should any longer say: "We have all the truth in our possession. What you have must be falsehood."

Many and mighty are the advances that have led to this larger conception of spiritual truth. Science, philosophy, history, psychology, have they not all conspired to enlarge our horizons and beget in us the Catholic temper? How can we be narrow contestants for an exclusive creed?

Yet it is not merely that we are losing the hostile attitude. We are coming together as Christians through the increasing definiteness of the Christian consciousness as such. On the one hand we are feeling as never before, the kinship of all religions, on the other we are recognizing through that enlarged understanding, the unique and distinguishing power of our own religion. Let a man of clear mind and steady heart gain a larger and more sympathetic knowledge of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism and the rest, and he becomes, not less, but more of a Christian. He sees, as he could not see before, the scope and strength of his own religion.

The tendency today,arising out of a wider knowledge of comparative religion, is not, I think, toward syncretism, or eclecticism, but toward a truer and clearer evaluation of Christianity as the crown and consummation of religion, related to all, indebted to all the worthiest, embracing all the best in each. And this new evaluation of Christianity draws us together as Christians, not against other religions, but for their aid.

There is outside pressure, too, as well as inner cohesion, to bring us together. We are threatened, as believers in the life of the Spirit, by a great and puissant common foe. Call it Paganism, Materialism, Hedonism, what you will, not one who cares for the life of the Spirit but knows it, dreads it, and turns to his fellows for aid in resisting it.

In this anguished and chaotic hour, this anti-human, anti-religious Force has taken the form of War. And in the black shadow of this awful Scourge, Christians are feeling for each other's hands,—not wholly in the sense of helplessness, but with an increasing sense of the strength that lies in union.

In the day of calm and sunshine, the flock may feed scattered and far; but in the swirl and beat of the tempest they draw together by instinctive impulse. We who care for the Spirit life are beset by a common foe. We cannot meet it except as we come together, with a great sense of the strength and solidarity of the Spirit life.

In the light of this movement toward unity, the pressing issue is concerning principles and methods by which as many of us as possible may become more united.

Setting aside the problem of unity as it relates to the Roman Catholic and Eastern churches, what are the possibilities of a greater harmony between these types of Protestant Christianity, i. e., those whose emphasis lies upon the spiritual and mystical elements of faith, those who uphold its rational and ethical qualities, and those who make most of its practical and redemptive powers. Roughly speaking, though with many a wavering of the line, these may be distinguished as the Quakers or Friends, the Unitarians, and the Evangelicals.

No one who knows his New Testament and his manual of Church history can for an instant question the essential and permanent place of the purely spiritual and mystical factors in Christianity. Ours is a religion of the spirit. Jesus was mystical, Paul was more mystical, the author of the Johannine books was most mystical. Mysticism has always had a vitalizing and indispensable place in Christianity.

And yet not less fundamental are the ethical and rational bases of Christianity. It is the ethics of Jesus that have done most to lift the world to a higher plane. The ethical fibre is wrought into the very fabric and texture of our Faith. It is great and enduring because it is inviolably moral. Nor is it less notable in its rationality. The note of a sane and sound reason undertones all its harmonies. Yet Christianity does not stop with being spiritual and ehtical and rational. It is also personal and redemptive. It cares not alone for spirit but for spirit incarnate. It is not content with ethical principles but demands ethical personality. It is not satisfied with truth, but calls for incarnate truth. It feels the urge not only to teach but to redeem. It sets before a personal sinner a personal Savior. It penetrates the lost and corrupt under-life of humanity with a searching and saving love.

Given, then, these three types of Christianity, how can they come to understand and make room each for the other? Nay, how can their advocates learn to love and honor and fellowship each other?

Let us not blink the difficulties of this task. It is no easy matter to penetrate the dross of the other man's imperfections and get at the real gold. There never can be reconciliation so long as one imagines that to accept the other's position he must give up his own. And yet that is the commonest possible assumption. 'How' (e. g.) reasons the mystic, 'can I make room for the cold, bare intellectualism of an ethical and rational faith without giving up my own sense of the immediacy and glow of the Spirit? If one trusts the Inner Light how can he find fellowship with one who relies upon conscience and intellect and argument? Or if one belongs to the ethical and rational school it is hard for him to appreciate the mystical mind on the one hand or the "Evangelical" on the other. Why this extravagant task of spiritual enlightenment? Has not a man his own reason for guide? Why this adoo about an experience of personal salvation? Can one be saved except by his own will and character? Still, harder, perhaps, is it for the converted man, who has laid hold of Christ as a drowning man lays hold of a plank in an eddying pool, to conceive how one can be a Christian and yet have had no vivid saving experience.

Yet we must and we can transcend these temperamental and environmental and experiential differences.

We need a truer conception of the bigness, the comprehensiveness of religion, and the greatness of our own religion.

We need a broader knowledge of each other's history, traditions and ideals; of the whole field of theology and church history.

We need to get together more, to look into each others' faces and hear each others' voices. What a transformation of attitude that works! Sydney Smith once remarked to a friend, 'How I hate so-and-so.' 'Do you know him,' questioned his friend. 'No, how could I hate him if I did?'

Have we not one Master, whatever theory we hold about

him? Have we not one Faith, however we may define it? Have we not one Baptism of the Spirit, whatever our form and practices?

THE VALUE OF A LOST SOUL.

J. H. Jowett.

"What woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?"—Luke xv. 8.

The ten pieces of silver are commonly supposed to have been ten coins of the realm, and the woman has been counting them one by one, perhaps to pay the tradesman calling at her door. But what if they were not coins at all; what if they were pieces of silver which formed part of a circlet for the head, or a necklace, or some other ornament treasured by the woman? It may be that these ten pieces of silver had been formed into a fellowship, and they were worn by the woman; and that they were the pride and admiration of the whole village. And one of the pieces was lost out of the ornament, and the value of the other pieces was impaired. That is the aspect of the parable I want to dwell upon just now.

One piece missing, and the value of those remaining is impaired. One piece missing, and there is a gaping spot like a grave, a spot that throws a shadow over all the rest. For each stone has not only a singular and individual value, but also a value of relationship.

So when a piece is lost from a congregation or from a family circle, how the pathos and tragedy of the gap is felt by Jesus Christ, our Lord! One note silent on a piano throws its deadening influence over the entire theme. One bell missing from a peal makes a rupture in the chime, and every other bell in the peal mourns the absence of its mate. One chair empty in the family circle and there is a grave in the fellowship and a rupture in the glorious communion. There is the empty place. It is the lost note that makes the lost chord. The awful value of one piece, the amazing and unspeakable value of one soul!

I want, if I dare, to press this truth to its uttermost, and carry it to its renotest application. When a mother takes her little child for the first time in her arms, and looks upon its face, and holds it to her breast, it is the easiest thing in the world for her to think of that babe as a jewel, and as a jewel that forms part of an exquisite design, part of the great love-purpose of the eternal God. But leave the mother and her little babe, and go out upon the street; go where vice and uncleanness are, and lay hold of some staggering drunken woman, lost to all sense of decency and shame—a jewel from the circlet? A lost piece of silver? Or go out again, and lay hold of some man hardened in brutality—he need not be poor, he may be rich—whose external courtesies have the cold glint of polished steel; lay hold of him; lay hold of the man who is a fox in cunning and an adder in venom, and a beast in desire, one who bears the mark and signature and seal of devilry—a lost piece of silver? A precious jewel from the love design of the eternal God? Let me press the principle to the uttermost.

One piece lost, and all the others impaired. Think of Frances Willard, a bright, pure, sacrificial, grace-equipped woman, certainly a jewel in the hand of God. Is the glory of Frances Willard dulled because of any woman who staggers in the street to-night? Is the glory of the most radiant saint in Great Britain to-night dimmed because any man in the city is lost in beastliness? Can one man be lost, and no other stone lose its radiance?

Wherever a soul is lost every other soul is dimmed, and loses its appointed glory. Dare we even say this—that the glory of the Apostle Paul was dimmed because of Nero, or because of any other bestial life that revelled and rioted in Imperial Rome? It is a tremendous thought, but I offer it as the teaching of the Word and the teaching of this parable. Let me rephrase it once more, putting myself into the setting: I am purposed by the Lord God Almighty to be one in the same setting with Isaiah and Paul and John and Augustine and Luther and Wesley; I am appointed by God in His eternal purpose to be one with them in a common a design, and if I am out of the design, Isaiah and the others have not yet found their requisite glory; without me they cannot be made perfect.

If one be lost! I regard that word "lost" as the most terrible in human speech, infinitely more terrible than the word "death." During twenty years in the ministry I have seen the Lord throw such gracious light upon death, and I have seen such triumphs over the presence of death, that now death to me has no sting and the grave itself has no victory. Every time I visit the Tate Gallery I am impressed by the fact that G. F. Watts, when he personifies Death, never clothes it in dark or sable attire, but always in grey. The suggestion is that black is the colour of midnight, and is only suggestive of gloom; but grey is the colour of the dawn, and is suggestive of the coming morning and of a brighter day. Therefore, I say, I regard the word "lost" as worse than death. There is no dawn in the word, there is no grey line there, there is no promise of morning.

When I was a boy in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the town of Halifax, I used to tremble as I heard the old bell on the town-crier, calling out at the street corners the word "lost, lost!" "Lost—a little girl," or "Lost—a little boy," and he would go on to give a description of the little one who could not be found. And just before I left New York to come to England I received a letter from a woman in San Francisco, asking me to try to find her daughter who was lost somewhere in the streets of New York.

"Lost!" That is how the angels sometimes speak of you and me. They look down upon us with their grace-washed eyes, and they see that here and there a man has fallen out of the circlet or a woman has fallen out of the radiant fellowship, and has become lost in the mud and the mire.

But let us go on with the parable. "If she lose one piece, doth she not light a candle and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?" I want you, with the image of the ornament in your mind, to imagine the woman going round about seeking in every corner for the lost piece of silver, and again and again encouraging the keenness and intensity of her search by looking at the vacant place where the piece had been; and then turning and seeking diligently till she had found it.

"And the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." He came in a very quiet way; the world

scarcely knew He had come; as He comes in a quiet way to-day. We sometimes look for Christ to come as some emperor or monarch of might and glory; but He comes to you and to me as He came in the days of old—as a common carpenter. I wish we could have two or three glimpses of what He did when He was working at the carpenter's bench. I am sure He was seeking, seeking, seeking the piece that was lost. When He came out into publicity He searched the highways and the byways, in the market place, at the customs' table, by the seashore, everywhere He went seeking the pieces that were missing. Now and again we get a glimpse of the Master seeking the lost, and at these times we hear such remarks as these:—"He has gone to be guest with a man who is a sinner"; "He eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners." But He was seeking the lost pieces. And now and again He finds one, and you can see Him as He sets it again in the glorious design. So He went about—up the mountain, through the valley, over the sea, through Gethsemane, over the hill of desolation, to Calvary, seeking, seeking, seeking the pieces that had dropped out of the circlet, the pieces that were lost from the love purpose of God. And if that was the spirit of the King, surely it should be the spirit of the children of the Kingdom.

How shall we do it? How did the woman do it? She lit a lamp and took a light. And if I am going out to seek for missing pieces I must carry my light with me. What must not be light? Certain it must not be merely the light of a moral ideal, however brilliant that may be.

You cannot save the world by Emersonion maxims or lofty ideals taken from the most brilliant ethics. If I am going out into the ways of the world I have got to take a lamp; but it must have in it the Light of the Gospel of grace, the light of reconciliation, the light of pardoning love and restoration. Suppose you closed your Bibles and said, "I am going out to seek for the lost," and you do not take with you the light of the glory of God in Christ Jesus, what will you take?

I turn over the pages of my memory but a few weeks to a recent Mission, at which I found myself face to face with a man who was broken in affection, infirm in will, and dark and desolate in the realm of hope. Take a man like that; how are you going to restore him from his lost estate without the light of the glory of Christ? What will you say to him? I have never had an answer to that challenge. Will you say to him: "Blow out the light that the Master has given you, and light your own? How will you give him hope? How will you rekindle the smouldering conscience? How will you wash from him his guilt? And how will you give him peace? If I am going out to seek and to save the lost, I must have a lamp, and I only know of one lamp —the light of the eternal love in Christ Jesus my Lord. You must take the lamp of the Gospel of life; and that is the lamp not only of life but of love, your personal love confirming the love of the Lord Jesus.

And the man who will go out seeking and saving the lost will not go without his wits. They must be burning too. And when I say wits, I mean wit too. I do not mean jocularity, but the tactfulness of delicate wit. Real, pure humour is a kind of divining rod, and by it you can ascertain hidden pools. The sense of humour helped Spurgeon and Gipsy Smith and Latimer to lay hold of some hidden secrets which, without its aid, would not have been revealed. In our search for the lost we must take with us all we have. If a man will take with him all that he has in the search for gold, shall we take less in the search for souls?

We must take the lamp, but what must we do then? "She swept the house diligently till she found it." I am glad to believe that the Lord never had more consecrated workers in His Kingdom than He has to-day. I am not a pessimist in regard to the dearth of consecrated Christian workers. They are out all over the world seeking and saving the lost. But I sometimes ask myself, what would happen if every Christian or every church member were a seeker and a saviour? Take my own church in New York, with a registered membership of 2,500, what if they were all going about with the lamp of life and the lamp of love and the lamp of clean and ready wit, sweeping in every corner of New York, in suburb and in slum, to find the missing pieces! What if every church in New York, with all its membership, were out hauling back the missing pieces and inserting them again, by the grace of God, in the Saviour's crown! It is not more organization we want, it is more personal consecration, the surrender of the will and the heart in this seeking mission in the service of the Great Commander who came to seek and to save the lost.

"And when she had found it." Just exercise your imagination and see the neighbours calling in at the door: "Have you found it yet?" "No." Next day—"Have you found it yet?" "No." But one day she went to their door and cried out—"I've found it," and they rejoiced with her, especially those who had tried to help her to find it. It is the people who join in the search who share the joy of discovery. And when a soul has been found, what about the joy of the Lord? "No tongue nor pen can tell." And what about the joy of the angels in heaven? That is far beyond our dreams. But what of the joy of those who have helped to seek and to save? That I know, for I have drunk of the wells of salvation, and I have tasted the joys of the Lord. And I am still out seeking and saving. As I get older all other ambitions and life-purposes sink into the background, and I feel that I have no other desire than to tell people what a great and glorious Saviour we have. I love to proclaim this Gospel, the Gospel of a Saviour who wants everybody restored to his or her appointed place in the love design of the Eternal God.

A LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

Friends:

The Editor of the Pacific, passing through this city en route to New Haven and Boston, asked me to tell you that the "Lincoln Jubilee", or "Exposition of Fifty Years of Freedom" has closed its doors after twenty-one days of cumulative success. Three cords of influence drew me strongly to it. As a young athlete I made good time to the Hudson River Railway Station to see Abraham Lincoln come into New York City en route to the President's chair. I voted for him twice as did my abolitionist father. I gave my winter vacation time as an Oberlin theologue in volunteer service to the American Missionary Association. As slaves the blacks sang then sweet spiritual songs. But when they were free, the morning after I read them the immortal Emancipation Proclamation, they sang as

Freedmen until the mocking birds in the trees above my cabin home seemed to enter into competition with them.

The beloved Bishop Fallows, who as a soldier fought for freedom, as acting President piloted his grateful colored friends and white sympathizers in the exposition which has gladdened the souls of multitudes who, despite the horrors of war, believe yet in the progress of the Kingdom of God.

Progress there has been since Chief Justice Taney said "Black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect."

Multitude of Happy People.

Two years of arduos preparation were repaid by a great success. More than a hundred thousand paid the price of admission into the great Coliseum where Theodore Roosevelt worked for the nomination of his then friend Wm. H. Taft.

These, with the multitude of exhibitors, and a choir of five hundred trained singers made a very live place of entertainment and inspiration. My strongest impression as I looked and looked from a favored balcony, was "What crowds of happy people." I heard only one note of irritation from one mistaken man. All other voices were grateful, inexpressibly so.

"Behold what God hath wrought" was in the very air. Statues and pictures of Lincoln, the invaluable mementos of his life loaned by Mr. Gumtha from his famous collection, had not the artistic beauty of the collections at the Golden Gate but had a comforting and significant meaning to one who loves his country. The ever present thought was "The freed slaves have become ten millions of unhyphenated Americans."

From the jolly athlete who jumped bindfolded in and out of three sugar barrels, one of them on a table, to orators who shone equally with the whites, and choruses who again and again patiently, yea enthusiastically responded to the calls for the Hallelujah chorus, there was gladness, gladness, gladness, even such gladness as fills that wonderful book "Polyanna."

Twenty Jubilant Days.

I have heard the white attendance estimated at five per cent. They were a well-behaved lot. Let it be put to their credit. I saw no trace of superciliousness.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in Unity." Splendid Negros, black as coal, spoke like Cicero, and bore themselves like Kings. For the first time in a life of listening I heard, in a sabbath address, an imperial man rejoice that God had permitted thirty slaves to land on the coast of Virginia two centuries ago. In front of him was a choir of five hundred in which were many queenly and beautiful women almost white. Only experts could guess the proportions of white and black blood. They were welded one people. "My people" was a phrase on their lips and from their hearts. They certainly conducted themselves as in the sight of God who led them into freedom. Our city newspapers are bewailing the immodesty of women's dress. These colored women were, every one of them, dressed modestly. There is no cynicism in my frank and serious comment that this rising race may give many white women lessons in modesty. In noting this I but repeat what thoughtful observers gave me as their own impressions. There were women beautiful as the Queen of Sheba may have been, and some of them dressed like society queens, but their modesty and womanliness were regnant and compelled a Christian looker-on to take hope for human kind. I write this testimony with a feeling that I would like to have this open letter serve the master of all races.

An Ancient Mill.

A South Carolina ex-slave, a striking personality, brought to the Exposition a simple stone mill—two worn mill-stones, which had been in his family for two hundred years, slave and free. He told me about my old first war parish there. It were worth a journey to see him. Lincoln set him free. He became the richest colored man in the state. He made his way into the Senate of South Carolina. He invited me to become his guest if I revisited the famous state. "Behold what God hath wrought", and take heart man alive, that the hearts of militarists, the world over, are to be softened by time and God's grace, even as the hearts of men, who to perpetuate slavery fired on Fort Sumpter and planned to rend our American Union.

Finally Brethren

I seem to hear some of these noble souls whose dusky hands I have clasped saying, as Sojourner Truth said to Charles Sumner, "God is not dead". Do not let your religion be shamed because some men's ought to be.

So! in the fullness of time the God of Moses sent Lincoln to the world and ten millions are free. The morning is yours. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

Faithfully
EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

THE DEATH THAT IS LIFE.

A Communion Service Sermon

by C. S. Osgood of Saratoga.

Text: "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died; and he died for all, that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died and rose again." 2 Cor. 5, verse 14.

You cannot understand the cross of Christ unless you extend its principle to the heaven above and to the earth beneath. The sort of thing which is exemplified in the death of Christ is characteristic of God in heaven, on the one hand, and of his children on earth, on the other. Any conception of the atonement which fails to extend it, not only to Jesus himself, but to God and humanity also, is not a true one. The drama of the cross is not simply a drama once enacted on the hill of Calvary, the curtain falling forever when the sky darkened on that dreadful day. It is an eternal drama, which is always being enacted, the scene changing often, but the central principle always remaining the same. It goes on eternally in the heart of God, and it must go on increasingly in the heart of man.,

Jesus said once that he did always the things which he saw the Father doing. This was pre-eminently true of the cross. The redemptive suffering of Jesus' death was the supreme manifestation of the life of God breaking through into our world. The cross means that God does not take his love easily. He does not sit in his heavens, in mere complacent possession of his eternal felicity. The Allah of Mahomet may do that, but not the God whom Christians find at Calvary. Our God pays the cost of love. Love is

dangerous; our God willingly incurs the danger. Love leads to uncomfortable situations; our God gladly incurs the discomfort. "The heart of the Eternal", we sing, is most wonderfully kind." Yes, but not merely in that benign, benevolent sense which we sometimes associate with rich men, whose urbanity costs them nothing and whose generosity is the pleasurable disposal of a mere tithe of their possessions. God is wonderfully kind in the way that the poor are when they divide the little they possess in order to help some unfortunate, who may himself be unworthy; or in the way that the medical missionary is, who risks even the leprosy in order to help some suffering wretch of a human being. God's kindness hurts; it costs. It is that love of which Hosea cites when he makes Jehovah say, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I cast thee off, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboiim? my heart is turned within me, my compassions are kindled together." Or again in Jeremiah, Jehovah pleads with Israel, "Return, ye backsliding children; I will heal your backslidings." What Jesus is on the cross, God is eternally and always; this is the meaning of the atonement as it affects the relationship of God and Christ.

In trying to express this idea of the cost of Christ's sacrifice to God, the Bible, and the theologians, who often amplify what the Bible suggests, speak of Christ's death as a debt or ransom. The older theologians, with their literalistic minds, discussed all the details of this metaphor. They sometimes made of the sublime drama of the cross a rather commercial affair, a matter of bargaining and paying. Almost imperceptibly, the details of this conception hardened until the figures stood out sharply and the transaction was made wonderfully definite. all of which was never intended by the Bible writers. The loving heavenly Father is put in the character of a hard bargainer, Christ the Redeemer is the generous one who pays down the price, and the result of the entire transaction is that sinful humanity goes scot free. This is to carry commercialism into theology. It is a terrible travesty on the real meaning of the atonement. There is no such buying and selling going on in God's universe. Christ's death and sacrifice is not the storing up of a great treasure in a bank for the purpose of paying off God. The treasure is there, certainly, but we have mistaken the nature of the transaction. Christ did not buy off God. He did not placate Him, as though God were bound to catch us and hurt us, unless he intervened. The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is not that kind of a God. Jesus told us what God is like, in his parable of the father who ran to meet his erring, prodigal son. God's forgiveness does not have to be bought; it runs to meet us, even when, like the prodigal, we have nothing in our hands and only shame in our hearts. The atonement is God's love running to meet us.

Before he died, Jesus said, "I and the Father are one." On the cross he said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." In that oneness of forgiving love is the atonement. The Father and the Son are absolutely at one in this matter. The cross with Jesus lifted up upon it will draw all men unto it, because there the scales fall from men's eyes, they see God as he really is, and they yield themselves to his passion and forgiveness. If Jesus had put aside the cup in the Garden of Gethsemane and if his love had refused the last greatest sacrifice, he would have been less than the Saviour of the world. No tinge of self-regard could be carried to Calvary. The cross is not to be understood quantitatively, but qualitatively.

To paint the excruciating agonies of Jesus, either mental or physical, in order to build up the idea of the great quantity of Jesus' suffering is not helpful. Other men have died on crosses. Jesus is Saviour, not because of the mere gross amount of his suffering, but because of the perfection of his spiritual attitude. In him, "heaven comes down our souls to greet, and glory crowns the mercy seat."

Let us go on to ask what Paul means by saying that we died there on the cross with Christ. Does he mean that this perfect, divine love is to be shown in our lives also? He means just that. Why should Jesus go to the cross at all, if he did not intend us to follow? Was it to buy something and give it to us, like an indulgent parent with a spoiled child? Jesus had no such conception of his work. He went to the cross that we might follow. He told the Twelve plainly, and he meant it for all disciples, that unless they followed in the way that he led, they could not be saved. If you think that the cross of Christ purchases you any cheap and easy salvation, you are mistaken. The cross saves no one until he has himself been nailed to it. Your salvation begins at the cross of Christ, but it cannot continue an hour or a day unless you take up your task of saving the world by the power of redemtive love. It would be a poor return to the Master for his passion on Calvary if you found in it the means to escape passion yourself.

The principle of redemption extends upwards to heaven from the cross of Christ, and it extends downwards to the ordinary life of humanity. It must be made the everyday practice of Christians. Human love, in its higher forms, is always redemptive. In Victor Hugo's story of Jean Valjean, it was the redemptive love of the Bishop which saved the wretched outcast who came to his door, and who returned his generous kindness by stealing his silverware. The Bishop, because his heart was full of Christly love, could forgive all that, and could even say, with honesty, 'The silver was as much his as mine.' When Jean left the house with the Bishop's candlesticks, which had been voluntarily added to what he already had, he was a saved man, for he had met Christ in the person of the Bishop. Redemptive love had triumped, as it always does. This dying together with Christ is the greatest challenge and privilege which pertains to the Christian. It is that also for which the world is hungry. Through the practice of it the cross of Christ will be lifted higher and higher, and his redeeming love will at last melt the stony heart of the world.

THE WHOLE WORD.

George W. Henning.

In a letter from a vacant church to a vacant seeking minister the writer said: "We want a man who believes the whole word and preaches it. We will support no other."

This puts us,—all of us who question the scientific accuracy of the story of Creation, the Jonah incident, the Virgin birth of Jesus, etc.,—in a black list. We must abandon the Evolutionary hypothesis and swallow the ethical code of the Old Testament whole; we must forego textual criticism, questions of historic veracity and in fact and in short, summarily forget all we have learned of biology, of psychology and the higher criticism from the Uni-

versities and Theological schools and recent archeological research, and recast our conceptions of God and man and history into the old forms of fifty years ago, or these dear old people who linger past their generation, who were converted "once upon a time" and who still "love the Lord in a simple manner", will not support us.

I've been afraid of this. I thought I saw it coming forty years ago that we were learning too much, that our colleges were overdoing the matter of education and that these old folks were praying for trouble to come. Why, when I was a boy starting out to preach a preacher did not need to know much. His Bible and hymnbook contained all of theology; a good pair of fists to pound the Bible and sinners withal, an auctioneer's voice and the enthusiasm of a patent medicine vendor were a sufficient outfit. As for support he "boarded round". But we young men were persuaded that better education would help us, and we went for it with all our might. Now that we have it we find it of no avail. Some of the dearest and best old saints don't want our newfangled gospel, and won't support us. They demand that we "love the Lord simply and preach the whole word"—from cover to cover, or they will boycot us.

I am not pleading for scientific lectures from the pulpit; on the contrary I pray to be delivered from such smatterings of science and from science falsely so called, and from fables and philosophies that minister foolish questions rather than godly edifying. The Lord knows we have too much of this sort—the pretense of science from men who are incompetent to soar in that air. Many young men and some older ones try to "show off" what they don't know, and contribute only to the weariness and disgust of their people who need edification. The churches are paying a heavy penalty for the toleration of this folly in the depletion of their congregations and finances, and the subsidence of their spiritual power. The one extreme is as bad as the other, if not worse. But here we are between the Scylla of a belated pew, and the Charybdis of conceit and affectation in the pulpit? What shall we do?

The ministry undoubtedly has a new message. We must teach modern science and culture so as to meet the intelligence of the young people who are coming out of our colleges, and at the same time conserve the simplicity and devotion of these dear old people whose tardiness is really to be laid to the door of the pastors who have not properly taught them and kept them abreast the new knowledge that has been pouring upon the Word. Of course they have neither the time nor habits of students. They have paid us to study and teach, and we have left them behind. We can make amend now only by teaching in all humility as though we taught not, and not allowing the sweet devotional element of the word to be obscured by the pedantic criticism of the letter. We must hold fast the forms of sound, familiar, wholesome words, and to the "doctrine which is according to godliness". On the other hand these dear old people must be patient in their attitude toward new truth, which will enlarge their vision and make their devotion more intelligent.

Personally I have the profoundest sympathy for the people who are being disturbed by the new learning and the changing theology. I have not forgotten the experiences when, as President Jordan once said, I was "like a cat being drawn backwards across a carpet". But let me assure any who are tremulous and fearful that the outcome is a wider vision, a deeper reverence, and a loftier, because more intelligent loyalty, as well as a better furnishment for every good work.

San Jose, Calif.

Among the Churches.

San Mateo.—At the October communion two persons were received on confession of faith. The first Sunday in September was observed as Missionary Day. Foreign Missions was presented by Rev. F. F. Goodsell and Home Missions by Mr. Rathbone. Recently the choir gave a sale and concert, which netted $57 for the street debt fund. The pastor has organized a juvenile choir of 25 young people, who will sing for the Sunday School, and on special occasions for the church.

Pasadena, First.—Rev. A. B. Strong of Seattle has been called to the post as Secretary of Education for the First Church. It is expected that the addition of this efficient worker will greatly strengthen the work of both the church and the Bible School.

The Sunday evening service is to be resumed Oct. 3.

Dr. Fox, the pastor, began Sept. 26 a series of month-end sermons for young people, the subject of the first one being "Success". On the previous Sunday, the congregation were invited to send in original definitions of success. There was a hearty response to this appeal, and a unique feature at the close of the sermon was the presentation of a book to a boy of the congregation for the best boy's definition: "Success is putting the nails in the right place, and making it neat."

Campbell.—The spacious parlors of the Campbell church were filled last Friday night when the church gave a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Cowles on the eve of their return to South Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Cowles have lived in Campbell the past two years and have in a wonderful way grown into the heart and life of the community, Mr. Cowles and a son and daughter being teachers in the Sunday-school and prominent in all the religious life of the church and town. At the reception letters were read from the American Board officers in Boston and San Francisco; greetings from our sister church; remarks by the pastor; presentation of a class gift from Mr. Cowles' class; but especially the words spoken by Mr. and Mrs. Cowles, giving us intimate glimpses into their former life in Africa, their expectations in returning to the station founded by Mrs. Cowles' father and her birthplace. They leave California October 15th, reaching Natal about Christmas time. A son and daughter will be with us for a year at least, in which fact we all rejoice. The reception was in charge of the ladies of the church, and needless to say was perfect in every way. After a social hour, all gathered around the piano, where our versatile community doctor presided, and sang many of the old songs.

LETTER FROM REV. FRANCIS L. COOPER.

The following appreciative letter has been received by the Editor from the Rev. Francis Cooper:

My dear Brother:

I wish to extend through the Pacific my deepest appre-

ciation for all the expressions of sympathy that have come to me in word and token from the various ministers and their wives. These expressions have helped to ease the pain in my heart, for they have meant more than the word and the token; they have meant that the givers of them are my friends! Only those who have passed beneath the rod know the meaning of it when a multitude of loving hands reach out and intercept that rod, so that it falls a little easier and does not wholly crush. I know that the remembrance of these things will help me through the terrible days that are to come—days of loneliness and trial, and that they will keep me from stumbling, for they have revealed to me the hand of God reaching into my darkness. I humbly ask your prayers that I may see my way. Sincerely,

FRANCIS L. COOPER.

NOTES.

Rev. F. L. Cooper is taking a month's vacation and will probably go down to Los Angeles.

The friends of Bouleward Church report that the evening services have been resumed. Last Sunday two joined the Church by reaffirmation.

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. Roy Campbell, pastor of Calvary Church, Oakland, gave the addresses at the Y. W. C. A. Vesper services on the Exposition grounds.

Last Monday morning Rev. F. A. Bissell read a paper on "Paul". The ministers were so pleased that they asked him to read another paper on the same subject a month from date.

Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, will be in San Francisco during a part of October for conference relative to the work of the State Federation of Churches and with some of the local federations.

Park Church is getting along nicely in a quiet way. At a recent meeting all bills were reported paid. It was pointed out that the church would be $50 in debt next day but there seemed to be some good collectable subscriptions in sight. The Treasurer reported over $40 a month coming in to meet the Church's share of the salary, $50. So on the whole it was felt little Park was doing very well.

On Monday morning, Oct. 4th., contracts were signed by the San Francisco Congregational Church Extension Society with Mr. A. W. Bryant for erection of the New Sunset Church to be known hereafter as Plymouth Church (Congregational) of San Francisco. The cost of the new building will be $5375.00, including light fixtures and architect's fees.

The Woodside Church celebrated the beginning of the second year's work of Rev. Ben F. Sargent as supply pastor. During the year the little band of workers—about a dozen—have met their full apportionment of $40 for benevolences and have contributed as much more to the sufferers from the European war. The Sunday School has prospered under the Superintendency of a former teacher in a business college. Two Song Services have been conducted by friends from the Redwood Church during the year.

G. A. C.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

J. Edwards.

Rev. Clark S. Thomas, has closed his labors at Pilgrim church, Spokane, and accepted a call to the "Christian" church of Garfield, to begin his services at once. This church calls for a wise, strong, brave and consecrated minister.

Rev. Dr. C. E. Brown, of Plymouth church, is to give a lecture at Lincoln Heights church tonight. He delivered a lecture at Vera some time ago which the writer heard, and it was especially interesting and entertaining.

Rev. J. Edwards, closed his labors with the Lincoln Heights church last Sunday, after serving it for two years. During his ministry a church building has been erected costing about $4,000. The situation now demands a man to give his whole time to the field which Mr. Edwards cannot do.

Rev. C. E. K. Whitney, has resigned as pastor of the Hillyard church, to take effect the first of November

There is to be a men's meeting at Westminster church and a banquet next Monday evening. It is proposed to organize a district Congregational club. Superintendent Scudder and Executive secretary E. A. King will speak.

President Penrose of Whitman college was in the city this week, attending and participating in the meetings of the League of Pacific Northwest Municipalities. A municipal budget exhibit, prepared by students of Whitman college, under the direction of Profs. Russell and George, is shown in a building on one of the main streets during this week. It is the most comprehensive and complete budget exhibit yet shown in any western city, and has attracted wide attention. Whitman college has opened this year with a larger number of students than ever before. The freshman class will likely reach 125, and the whole number of students comes very near the 300 mark.

Rev. C. H. Veazie, of Corbin Park church, one of the most efficient ministers in this city, is on his way to Oakland, California, about this time, and from there expects to go to New Haven, Conn., to attend the meetings of the National Council.

The Home.

FOLLOWING THE FASHIONS.

It is said that after the fire which swept one of our large tenement house districts one winter, those engaged in distributing relief found it almost impossible to give away cloaks and jackets with close sleeves. Miserably clad women would turn from them with contempt and go shivering out into the cold again rather than appear in garments so behind the style. That was certainly an extreme instance of the "tyranny of fashion." And yet, do not many of us recognize in ourselves and in our children tendencies which, but for larger means, might display themselves in as pitiable a form? We struggle against them in ourselves. Do we struggle enough in behalf of our children? Or are we, by our facile yielding where they are concerned, really largely responsible for the perpetuation of the weakness? We know that the early years are the years when habits are formed. Do we use those early years to form for our children habits of independence?

The temptation to follow the fashion is particularly strong when one is planning for children. They are so doll-like, and it is such fun to dress them. Their tiny gar-

ments cost so little, compared with ours, that it seems as if they might always be new and pretty. They are so imitative themselves—the dear little midgets—and begin so early to notice what other children have, and it is so hard to deny them.

And yet, again, is it not one of the first principles which we all have to learn for the right conduct of life, that there are differing lots and that each must adjust himself to his own? Sooner or later—if they are to escape the incessant and belittling worry that comes of the effort to live beyond one's means—the children must find out that they cannot have everything they see others have. Is it not better to find it out sooner than later? It is true that we can keep them, for a while, from finding it out. The baby whose mother trundles her carriage through the park may be quite indistinguishable, in all her dainty trappings, from those other babies that are attended by their nursemaids, and her mother, in her plain garb, may be equally indistinguishable from the maids. One little primary school girl may present about as gay an appearance on the last day of school as another, by pains and care on the mother's part. But the time will come when even pains and care and self-sacrifice must give up the struggle. Would it not have been better if it had never been begun, better if the child had been taught, as soon as she began to notice differences in dress and homes and opportunities for pleasure, that such differences are inevitable and that we can be happy in spite of them?

The temptation to strain a point, to spend more for a child than the family means really justify, is often very strong where social opportunities seem to be involved. The party dress, which is really out of all proportion to everything else in the domestic expenditures, looks very tempting to the parent who thinks of it as the "open sesame" to a bewildering succession of social delights. But even here there is another side to be considered. A social position which is reached by unusual expense must be kept by unusual expense. It is not the first step alone which costs, but all the other steps. Then, too, the opportunity which seems so attractive may not really lead to wider friendship, to larger culture, but only to dissatisfaction and discontent. For young people, as for their elders, the most enjoyable social relations must usually be with those of circumstances fairly corresponding to their own. Instead of making the extra exertion which would give the child a doubtful and precarious footing in the new circle of acquaintance, it might be the truest kindness to point out, once for all, that the occasion for exertion proved the undesirability of the acquaintance.

I know that many parents shrink from mention of money matters to children, partly from a desire to keep them care free as long as possible, and partly, perhaps, from a sense that the subject is a sordid one for innocent childhood. I do not think either of these considerations important enough to offset the good which certainly comes from training children early, not only to the right use of money, but to a right understanding of the relation which money bears to the material objects of ambition. By the time the little tot is old enough to express a wish for fur on her coat, she is surely old enough to be told that fur costs a good deal of money and does not last very long. And if she pleads that Marion has fur on her coat, what possible harm is there in telling her that Marion's papa has more money than her papa, and that Marion can have ever so many things that she can't? If Belle comes home from school in tears because she has to wear a colored petticoat, and Gladys says she never in all her life had on anything but a white one—poor Gladys!—she will not be any more unhappy for having it explained to her that Gladys's mamma can afford to hire help about her washing while hers can't.

We want to have the children's days sunny. But childhood's shadows do not always linger so long as we fear. Many of them would pass more quickly than they do but for injudicious sympathy with woes which it would be kinder to treat as slight. The child who sees its mother straining every nerve to keep it on an equal footing with children in obviously easier circumstances is made miserable by trifles that would not trouble one more sensibly trained at all.

Not what we would like to do, not what other people do, but what we can afford to do, is the question that constantly confronts us older people. These are other questions back of that—questions of fitness, of responsibility, of self-denial. But that question must be faced first of all, when a new expenditure is under discussion, if we are to lead honorable or honest lives. It is a question peculiarly vital, perhaps, among the temptations of a social democracy. There is no danger that our children will be too early prepared for it. There is great danger that they may not be prepared early enough.—Lily Rice Foxcroft.

THE MAGIC RING.

There was once a peasant who became the owner of a wishing-ring.

In choping down a forest tree he set free a young eagle. The other egg, which had not hatched, broke at his feet and disclosed the ring, which just fitted his finger.

The eagle had been growing every minute stronger. Now it called out: "Take the ring for your thanks for setting me free; but remember that it will give you one wish and no more. So be careful what you wish."

The eagle then spread its wings and flew toward the sun.

The peasant started for home with a joyful heart. He must tell his wife of their good fortune and decide what to wish. Now their hard times were surely over.

The forest in which he had cut the tree was far from home, so that night overtook him in a strange village. He saw a goldsmith's shop with a case of rings in the window, and thought he would ask the worth of his.

"Only a trifle," said the goldsmith. "I have much finer here," but the peasant foolishly boasted that his ring was worth more than them all, for his was a magic ring.

The goldsmith told the peasant that he ought not to go to the inn with so valuable a ring, but would do much better to spend the night with him. He furnished the best of supplies and fine red wine, all of which the peasant thought was very kind.

But the goldsmith was a rogue. When the peasant slept, he took off the magic ring and put on a common ring so much like it that the difference could not be noticed.

In the morning he woke the peasant early, telling him as he had yet a long walk before him it would be well to start early. To this the peasant agreed, for he was eager to reach home with his treasure.

When the goldsmith had seen the traveller out of sight, he told his servants that he must not be interrupted in some work he had to do, and went to his room and locked

himself in. Then he stood in the middle of the room, turned the ring three times around on his finger, and called, "I wish for one hundred thousand dollars."

He had scarcely spoken the words when it began to rain dollars, hard silver coins that struck him on the head and shoulders and arms.

He began to scream and hurried to unlock the door. Before he could this he tumbled, bruised and sore, upon the floor.

It still rained hard silver dollars, never stopping until one hundred thousand had fallen. Before that number was reached the weight of the money was so great that the floor broke through into a deep cellar, where the servants of the rogue later found him under the heaps of money.

So his heirs came from afar and divided the money, and that was the end of the wish on the stolen magic ring.

Meanwhile the peasant and his wife were talking over what they should wish. She agreed that they must be careful, but finally suggested wishing for a piece of land which joined their own.

"We have too little land, but that wedge-shaped piece with ours will make us enough."

"Very true," said her husband, "but why should we not work hard and save this year and buy that piece? Then we should still have our wish left."

This they did, and had a piece of gold left over when it was paid for. Then the woman thought that with so much land a cow and a horse would be all they needed.

"Why not wish for a cow and a horse?"

But the man said, "No, let us earn them as we did the land, and save our wish for something we cannot earn for ourselves."

They often talked of what they should wish, but the horse and the cow were soon theirs by reason of their working and saving. This pleased the peasant greatly, but his wife said at last:—

"I don't know what to make of you. You used to be discontented and complain. Now, when you can have whatever you wish, everything is all right as it is, you think. You might be a king or an emperor, you might have a trunkful of money; but you have nothing because you cannot make up your mind."

He answered her quite sternly: "Stop your everlasting urging and teasing. We are both young and life is long. One wish only is in the ring and that is soon done. Who knows when a time will come when we really need the wish? Since we have had the ring, have we not prospered as well as any one could wish? Be sensible."

There the matter ended. True, now and then the ring was spoken of, but as each year the graneries and barns were better filled they were both contented to wait a little longer.

After a long procession of years the poor peasant had become a well-to-do farmer, directing men who worked for him.

As he sat before his house door, comfortable and happy, in the evening hour, the people who passed all said "Good-evening" to him, as to one worthy of respect.

If the wife ever reminded her husband of the wish still remaining in the ring, he would say, "It is good to keep the best to the last; what more do we need?"

Thirty, forty years went by. The farmer and his wife had heads as white as snow, for they were old.

Then in the same night God gave to them great kindness, for they died together.

Children and grandchildren stood beside the coffins, weeping.

One of them wished to draw the ring from the old man's finger to keep it as a memento, but the eldest son said:—

"Let father take his ring with him into the grave. He has worn it for a lifetime, and it seems natural that he should wear it still. It is no doubt a keepsake. Mother often looked at it, and I conclude that she gave it to father when they were young."

So that which should have been a wishing-ring and was not was buried with its magic untried. Yet it had brought as much good to the house as any one could wish. "For a bad thing in good hands is always worth very much more than a good thing in bad hands."—Translated from the German by Julia Visher.

For The Children.

THE DISTRUSTFUL BUNNY.

Once upon a time a little Bunny lived in a deep forest, and he should have been a very happy Bunny. With his bright pink eyes he could see all day the tall, straight trees, the flowers, and the green grass; with his little black nose, which began to twitch joyously when he first opened his eyes in the morning, he could smell the cool ferns, and the dewy cobwebs stretched over the soft moss; and with his long ear he could listen all day to the birds in the trees overhead, and to the insects which sang all about him, close to the ground. But his pink eyes saw none of the beautiful things all about him; his black nose did not twitch joyously at each sweet, woodsy scent; and his long ears were deaf to the music of the forest.

That Bunny moped about all the sunny summer days, and all the time he kept thinking and thinking to himself:—

"Of course, my brown coat is all very well for summer. To be sure, it's nearly the color of the earth, and the fallen pine needles, and the trunks of the trees, so it would be hard for any other animal to see me and catch me, but, oh, what shall I do when winter comes? Mr. Bear says that in winter all the ground is covered with cold, white snow. Then every one can see my brown coat plainly, and I shall be so frightened all the time! Oh, what shall I do when winter comes?"

All through the warm summer days, when that Bunny should have been happy every minute, he was worrying about the snowy winter days ahead, and every bit of the joy of summer was spoiled for him.

One day he noticed that the leaves on some of his forest trees, which had been a shining green, were turning to golden and crimson, but he was too worried to let his pink eyes see the beauty of the leaves, because at just this same time he noticed that his coat was fading day by day, until it had changed from a leafy brown to a dingy yellow. Poor Bunny was more frightened than he had been all summer.

"Oh, dear!" he wailed to himself. "Is my coat becoming a bright yellow like one of those golden leaves? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I think a yellow coat could be seen even farther in winter than a brown one. What shall I do! What shall I do!"

By this time, Bunny was so frightened that he became quite ill, and he lay curled up out of sight under the bracken, keeping his eyes tight shut and trying to forget his fright. It was not long before he felt something soft and wet on his nose, and when he opened his eyes a little crack he saw the air was full of white, falling things like flower petals, and already the ground was white with them. Bunny sprang to his feet, shivering with fright.

"It must be the snow! It's here, it's here, and now every animal in the forest can see my dreadful coat so plainly!"

Just as he was about to leap forth in frightened haste, in search of a more secure hiding-place, he suddenly grew rigid with amazement. Out of his unbelieving pink eyes he saw that his coat was not brown, nor yet golden yellow; no, his coat was softest, unspotted white—just the very color of the snow.

"Why," he gasped, "nobody can see me, after all. I'm just the color of everything all around me. My coat is white, and now everything in the forest is white."

For a minute Bunny's little heart went pit-pat with happiness, and his nose twitched joyously as he suddenly smelled all the sweet woodsy things that he had been too unhappy to smell for such a long, long time. But you see that Bunny had spent so much time worrying and fussing about the dreadful things that might happen that he had made a pretty strong habit, and, even when he saw the dreadful things had not happened at all, that habit made him think:—

"Oh, but what shall I do with a white coat when the snow is gone, and summer comes again? Nobody can see me now, but how very, very far a white coat could be seen in summer!"

Wasn't he just the silliest Bunny!

All at once he saw for himself just what a distrustful, miserable Bunny he had been all during the summer days. When he saw how he hadn't had one minute of happiness, or fun, or peace, when he might have been happy every livelong summer day, he gave such a big happy sigh that he blew the snow right off a fern that was in front of his nose, and he thought to himself:—

"In summer my coat was brown, to match everything around me so that I would be safe. And now everything around me is white, but my coat isn't brown any longer, it's white, so I'll be safe! So I just know it will be brown again next summer, and now I can be happy all the time!"

Such a big load rolled right off that Bunny's mind that he was the very happiest little animal in all the forest. Always after that, just as long as he lived, his pink eyes were bright with happiness and saw all the beautiful things they were meant to see, and his little black nose twitched joyously all day long, breathing in the sweet fragrance of the forest and his long ears heard all day the songs of the birds and the insects, and the rustlings of the wind.—Rose Brooks.

CALIFORNIA.

This fair land whose fields lie robed in bloom
A living poem bound in blue and gold;
With azure flowers like little flecks of sky
Fallen, tangled in the dewdrops, to the grass,
And orange ones—as if the wealth below
Had blossomed up in beaten flakes of gold.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

Make not of thy heart a casket
Opening seldom, quick to close;
But of bread a wide-mouthed basket
Or a cup that overflows.

—George Macdonald.

Where spiritual life is weak, it should be nurtured with affectionate care.

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